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ORDER OF SERVICE.

AT 10.30 A.M.

I. ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

II. INVOCATION.

III. THE 84TH PSALM.

From "The / Psalms, / Hymns, / And / Spiritual Songs /
of the, Old & New Testament. / Faithfully Translated into/
English Metre. / For the use, edification and comfort of
the / Saints in publick & Private, especially in New England. /

Cambridge, / Printed for *Hezekiah Usher* of Boston, / 1665."

Lined, and sung, by the Choir and the Congregation.

IV. PRAYER. By the Rev. Lucius R. Eastman.
Pastor of the Plymouth Church, Framingham.

V. ORGAN RESPONSE.

VI. HYMN "Trust in God."
By Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer.

VII. ADDRESS. By Calvin Stebbins,
Minister of the First Parish.

VIII. ADDRESS. By the Rev. Henry G. Spaulding of
Boston,

IX. PRAYER.
A Former Minister of the Parish.

24097

- X. HYMN. Written for the occasion by Rev. C. A. Humphreys,
A Former Minister of the Parish.

“AULD LANG SYNE.”

The olden times we would recall
To-day with solemn joy;
With joy because we see in them
These lives, without alloy,
Our fathers lived in faith and hope,
Whose deeds shall ever shine
Transfigured in the distance far
Of days in auld lang syne.

And solemn is our backward look;
For all the way is strewn
With memories of the spirits brave
Who from the earth have flown,
And entered into larger life
Than flesh can here confine,
And realized the larger hopes
Of days in auld lang syne.

That larger life let us pursue,
And wake those hopes again,
And vie with those who went before
In making noble men;
So blest shall be our festival
While laurels green we twine
About the brows of those who lived
In days of auld lang syne.

- XI. BENEDICTION.

ORGANIST, W. E. CHENERY.

PRECENTOR, B. J. CLARK.

INVOCATION.

BY THE REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D.D.

Thou leader of Israel's Host. The pillar of cloud by day and fire by night still guides Thy people, and Thy righteousness is forever and Thy salvation from generation to generation. Our fathers trusted in Thee and Thou didst deliver them, — they trusted in Thee and were not confounded, and they have told us what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old, and where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?

As they have gone forward in the great procession that moves on forever from earth to heaven, we would follow Thy faithful signals with song and joy. Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints! In ancient times Thy people were weary in the desert, and waited for a guide; Thou didst send Thy servant to tell them. The God of your fathers hath sent one unto you, *I am* is his name forever, and this is his memorial unto all generations.

O God, Thou art! Enough for us! Thou art great and greatly to be praised, one generation shall praise Thy works to another and declare Thy mighty acts. Thou art gracious and full of compassion, long suffering and rich in mercy. Thou art good to all, and Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works. So may the signals of Thy care guide and protect us, and Thy spirit inspire us evermore.

Glory, honor, power and love be unto Thee now and forever. Amen.

PRAYER.

BY REV. LUCIUS R. EASTMAN, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

O Thou, who wast the God of our fathers and art the God of their children to the latest generation, we are gathered to adore and praise thee for all thy goodness and faithfulness. Thou art a covenant-keeping God and hast remembered the covenant thou didst make with thy children in former times. We thank thee that thou didst inspire the founders of this town with an earnest desire for the enlargement "of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and the maintenance of the worship of God among them and their children." We thank thee for this Parish and for the stalwart men and women who have been identified with it these many years and have done what they could to build up thy kingdom upon the earth. We bless thee for the church whose organization we commemorate to-day, and which thou hast watched over and preserved unto this present. We thank thee for the consecrated, godly men and women who have been associated with its life through these generations, for those who have gone out of it into the remotest parts of the earth to tell the nations the story of thy infinite love and mercy to the children of men. We bless thee for that minister who was ordained pastor at the beginning and for so many years taught the people and led them in the ways of righteousness; and for his successor, that man of independent thought and devout patriotic spirit, who sacrificed his life on the altar of civil and religious liberty. We bless thee for him whom thou didst then ordain over this people as thy servant; for his judicious spirit, his uprightness of life, and his wise ministrations, whereby for half a century thou didst

enable him to be the spiritual guide of our fathers, and their leader in the cause of education and in all things which could establish the people in virtue, intelligence and godliness. We thank thee that ever since thou hast brought into this community ministers who have striven to be men of God, preachers of righteousness, eager to lead thy children to the highest ideals of christian living. And now we beseech thee, the God of the fathers, to remember thy covenant and command thy favor upon their children. May we of to-day be filled with the same love for thee and thy kingdom which animated them. As thou art bringing the nations of the earth into such closer intimacy with one another may we more fully comprehend the meaning of our Lord's teaching, that thou didst "so love the World as to give thine only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should have everlasting life." So may our christian love and faith take the whole world into its sympathy. May we be filled with the same spirit which inspired our Master as he went about doing good. And as we to-day recall the story of the devotion, the sacrifices, the Christ-like service of the godly men and women who have constituted this community during the past two centuries, may the thought that they are looking down from the walls of the celestial city upon our assembling together inspire us with mutual respect and confidence and love, that we may render thee far more efficient service in the future than in the past. May all the homes which are represented here to-day be filled with thy spirit of love and obedience to righteousness. Like those who laid the foundations, may we be possessed with a supreme desire for the enlargement of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and the maintenance of the worship of God among us and our children. And to this end grant, we humbly beseech thee, that this hour may be one of solemn consecration. May each one of us realize as never before the fact of thy nearness. May it be very real to each one that thou art in all our life. So may

we walk with thee as thy children. Lead us in the paths of righteousness for thy name's sake. May we devote all we have, all we are, to thy service, the service of our day and generation. Help us to live our lives courageously, loyally, as seeing thee. May we all, out of obedient, trustful hearts, pray as the Lord hath taught us, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, forever and ever." Amen.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By REV. CALVIN STEBBINS.

It is my pleasant duty this morning to salute you all ; to congratulate the people of the First Parish in Framingham on this Bi-centennial Anniversary, and to bid our guests a most cordial welcome.* Our welcome is most cordial because we feel that a part of these rejoicings belong to you, as you are sharers with us in the early portion of these two centuries of Christian history.

Two hundred years ago last Tuesday, the 8th of October, our fathers gathered in the meeting-house on the hill, in the old burial ground, to ordain a minister and organize a church. Two hundred years is a long time. It means, as we reckon it, that six generations have come and gone, and that the seventh is now occupying their places. But the distance between them and us, in time, is as nothing compared to the distance wrought by the gradually unfolding of the Divine plan and purpose in the creation of man.

No record of that interesting event has come down to us, but we know that the ordination of a minister was a great event in those days. The people came from all the countryside, along bridle paths and Indian trails, on foot and on horseback. But think for a moment, and realize, if you can, what the event must have been to those brave and honest men and women, who really believed in God with all the strength of their English natures, who now rejoiced with exceeding joy that at last the bread of life was to be broken every Sunday for themselves and their children. Would

* The guests here referred to were the pastor and people of the Plymouth Church, who accepted an invitation to worship at the First Parish on the morning of the bi-centennial.

that we could realize a touch of their joy and enthusiasm as we gather here to-day to commemorate the event.

It is hardly possible to get any very definite idea of the state of things or condition of society in a town bordering on the great wilderness two hundred years ago. The common people have disappeared altogether, and the most prominent actors in that scene flit across the stage, colorless and shadowy as ghosts, and leave no distinct image on the retina. No doubt they hoped for better things for their children, and really believed that more light would burst from the word of God, for their natures, like those of all pioneers, were prophetic. But they would have been shocked beyond measure had they been told how the light was coming, or have foreseen the legitimate results of their own principles.

Could good old Parson Swift, the minister ordained that day, rise from the grave, where he has been waiting for a hundred and fifty years the resurrection of the just, and come into this church of a Sunday morning, he would not stay the service out. He would feel that something worse than even the spirit of the "Scarlet Woman," yea, that anti-Christ himself had taken possession of the pulpit and the pews. Indeed, in the bitterness of his heart he might say: "They are all the sons of Belial." How happy would he be to escape the dreadful place and seek refuge and safety in the "Orthodox Branch of the First Parish" just across the street. But I fear that the poor man would find little comfort there, and would feel that "the tail of the serpent was over us all," when he thought of those vast tomes, those Bodies of Divinity, which were in his day the fountains of life; and perhaps he might feel and say, as David did when he heard that Abner had been slain: "These men, the sons of Zeruiah, are too hard for me."

But should he come to us, not from the graveyard, but from the next world — which is the world nearest to us — and enter either church, he might find himself quite at

home, and see some reasons to rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for he would find that, in different ways, both churches had made great advances. He might think of the old covenant and the phrase "walk together," so common in his time, and it might give him pain to see things as they are now; but, on sober second thought, he might say to himself: "I understand it now; 'walking' is not standing still, but it is advancing, and there are many highroads to the freedom of the truth as it is in God."

But, however this may be, let me remind you who are here to-day — and it will be a check to your spiritual pride if you remember it — a generation of men is coming, and that before another two centuries have rolled away — to whom we shall look as queer as our ancestors do to us, and let us hope that they may be able to see in our bungling methods, in our divisions, and even in our narrowness, a background of the Divine working out the emancipation of the human from the conditions of the animal nature.

When the good people of Thomas Danforth's plantation, which was called Framingham after the proprietor's birth-place, in the county of Suffolk, in England, asked the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay to be incorporated as a town, they made their last and triumphant appeal in right Calvinistic fashion. The third reason they urged why they should be incorporated was a vital one. "Inasmuch," they say, "as that for a long time we have lain under a heavy burden, as to our attendance on the Public Worship of God, so that for the most part our going to meeting to other places on the Sabbath is our hardest day's work in the week; and by reason of these difficulties that attend us therein, we are forced to leave many at home, especially our children, where, to our grief, the Sabbath is too much profaned; and being desirous to sanctify the Sabbath as to the duty of rest required, as far as we can with convenience; these motives moving us, we have unanimously built a Meeting House and have a Min-

ister among us, and we now humbly petition to your Honors to countenance our present proceedings.”

The first meeting-house stood on the rising ground, near the east side of the old burial ground. When it was raised is not known, but it does not seem to have been completed for some years, if it ever was. It must have been a very rude affair. It was shingled, boarded and clapboarded, but it was not painted, nor was it lathed and plastered. It faced the south and was entered on that side by a great door.

The men who gathered there on Sundays were of a sturdy race. Some of them had witnessed dreadful scenes, as is indicated by the name given the place where they located, “Salem End.” They had seen their friends the victims of the terrible mania of witchcraft, some had come up out of great tribulation, and one Sarah Town Cloyes, wife of Peter Cloyes, had been in prison for months under the sentence of death. And now, in their new homes, they were for more than a generation listening for “the Injun’s cracklin’ tread,” and dreaded Indian captivity for themselves and their children more than death itself. In times of alarm they kept a watch on Bare Hill (now called Normal Hill) while they attended service at the meeting-house.

Having a meeting-house and a town, the next thing was to call a minister, and they went about it in a business way. A committee was appointed to inquire of three well-known ministers as to Mr. John Swift of Milton. Mr. Swift was, without any doubt, the minister spoken of in their petition. Judge Sewall, in his diary for April, 1701, notes the fact that he was at Sudbury on the 15th and that Mr. Swift of Framingham called to see Mr. Brinsmade. The committee made a favorable report, and the town extended to him an invitation to become its minister. The call was accepted, and, as has already been stated, he was ordained on the 8th of October, 1701, and on that day a church was formed and the covenant was signed by eighteen men.

The town voted to give the new minister a salary of sixty pounds; also, to give him one hundred pounds to aid in building a house, and to cut, draw and pile at his door thirty-five cords of wood. They also gave him a deed of a farm of about one hundred and forty acres, and three pieces of meadow land. Mr. Swift's farm lay in the bend of the Sudbury river; you pass through it as you go from Warren's Corner to the bridge on Union Avenue. His house stood on the west side of Duck Pond, on the southern slope of Bare Hill. All that now remains of him and his surroundings is the old well, which may be seen to-day in the pasture on the north side of Maple Street, just the other side of the pond as you go to the west. The town voted to fence twenty acres of his land, and afterwards voted thirty pounds to break up and cross-plow as much as would be fifteen acres "before the falling of the leaf" in 1705.

The covenant of the church was evidently written by Mr. Swift himself. It was afterwards adopted by other churches, and in some of their records it is in his own handwriting. The style is to us antique, both in word and thought. It contains about two hundred words in one sentence. There is one clause in it which seems to me to represent the finest spirit of Puritanism and its permanent element. What could be better than this?—"managing ourselves toward God and man in all civil and sacred authority, as those ought who are under the teaching of God's holy word and Spirit." With such a statement of the grand purpose of a church to start with, it is not to be wondered at that the people never allowed their church to be tied up at the dock in the quiet harbor of ecclesiasticism or dogmatism. It never in its long history adopted any written statement of belief called a creed, and, in this respect at least, the church of to-day is in the direct line of descent from the founders.

Mr. Swift was a young man when he came to Framingham, having graduated at Harvard College four years before, in the class of 1697. His life was crowded with a

great variety of duties. He was a farmer to begin with, and was obliged to have a personal supervision of his crops and stock, and often to labor with his own hands. He bought and sold, and, what is strange to us, he was a slaveholder. We may well wonder whether he ever read Judge Sewall's little tract, "The Selling of Joseph," published the year before he was ordained. Then he had the care of a widely scattered flock. The sick room was always open to him; he was expected to be a frequent visitor, and his words of prayer were often the last that fell on the ears that were growing dull in death. He drew up deeds and made men's wills; he had a care that the children were properly catechised, and evil doers admonished. Then there was the preparation for his Sunday work; this was the one thing uppermost in his mind. He was, without doubt, what would have been called, in the complimentary language of his time, "a painful preacher," or, as we should say, a painstaking and conscientious preacher. The people did not object to having a sermon repeated, and I find Mr. Swift, in planting and haying time, and when he was indisposed, making a favorite sermon do duty more than once. The snowstorms of those times were the great enemies of divine service. The people could stand the cold of winter and sit through a service when the bread froze on the communion table, and the water in the baptismal bowl was turned to ice, but the snowstorm was master of the situation and the service was postponed. Mr. Swift was able, at short notice, to draw a lesson from the events of the day, and the phenomena of the sky, and the snow, the cold, the storm, the thunder and the lightning did not pass unnoticed.

But amid the pressure of all kinds of interests he found time for an amount of social duties that would make a modern minister ill to even think of, and would be the sure death of his wife. There was hardly a meal any day in the week when he was alone with his family. A friend has stopped to bait his horse and be baited himself, or tarried for

the night. Then there was that incorrigible crowd of, not exactly knaves or fools, but men who could do as much mischief as either, who looked upon themselves as the Lord's injured little ones, who were at odds with the minister in their own town and so sought the advice of the minister in the next town. On the other hand, he was called away from home a great deal. Councils and ordinations were of frequent occurrence. Perhaps we can have no better illustration of the respect in which Mr. Swift was held than the fact that, in the short space of eight years, he was called to sit in nineteen councils, and this does not include councils at ordinations. It illustrates also another fact, that the tempers of men in those times were not "peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated." Truly did Mr. Swift's parishioners tell posterity on his old tombstone that "he had the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove."

Funerals were great occasions. While there were at that time no services at the grave, there was no lack of preaching. It may be interesting to note that the first prayer ever offered at a funeral in Boston, except by an Episcopal minister, was offered by Dr. Chauncey, at the funeral of Dr. Mayhew in 1766, more than twenty years after Mr. Swift's death — so careful were our fathers to abstain from any appearance of praying for the dead. Both Chauncey and Mayhew were innovators in theology, as well as in religious customs. But, as has been said, at funerals there was plenty of preaching. At the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Breck of Marlborough there were three sermons; Mr. Swift preached one of them, which was afterwards printed. The backwoods minister had some honors conferred upon him; he was invited to preach the annual election sermon before the General Court, in 1732.

Mr. Swift was interested in the progress of his profession. It was at his house that, on the 5th of June, 1725, the organization, afterwards known as the Marlboro Association of Ministers, was formed, and his name stands first on the list.

The preamble states "the design and aim, to advance the interests of Christ, the service of their respective charges and their own mutual edification in their great work." They were to meet four times a year. At these meetings there seems to have been an exchange of thought on all subjects. As there were no libraries they exchanged books. I find that at one of their meetings one of them borrowed of another Dr. Beard's "Judgments of God." The book is forgotten now, but the author was a schoolmaster at Huntingdon, England, and among his pupils was a very wicked boy — if we may believe the Tory historians — named Oliver Cromwell; between this boy and his teacher there grew up a friendship which ended only with the latter's death.

In many cases they acted as an advisory body. It is recorded that Mr. Swift of Framingham asked the advice of the brethren as to a charge of perjury brought by Colonel Buckingham against three members of the church. The ministers advised very wisely that "Colonel Buckingham be desired to prosecute them in common law, rather than involve the church in debates about titles to lands, as that affair will unavoidably run them into."

The church seems to have prospered under Mr. Swift, and on the 6th of April, 1715, the town voted to appropriate seventy pounds "to enlarge the Meeting House by ten feet on the back side." On the 9th of August the town voted "to have three doors, one on each end and one on the fore side, and that all other doors be clapboarded up." The galleries were now made accessible, and individuals were granted leave to build pews under them, of certain dimensions. A committee was appointed to seat the meeting-house according to every man's rate or proportion of the seventy pounds granted for the improvements.

In a few years the people began to agitate the question of a new meeting-house, but there was great diversity of opinion as to where it should be located. For eight years the little

burgh was agitated with this contention. But, suffice it to say that, on the 28th of March, 1734, after a long debate, the town voted to adjourn for three-quarters of an hour to view the various places proposed. On reassembling the town voted to build the new meeting-house at an oak tree marked, standing on the land of Mr. William Pike, at the north end of Bare Hill, and also voted four hundred pounds for that purpose. Mr. Pike offered the town two acres of land for six pounds, and it afterwards voted to take four acres for fourteen pounds. This building was to be 55 feet long, 30 feet between joints, and 40 or 42 feet wide. It stood a little in front of the present residence of Mr. George H. Sawyer.

Ample provision was made by the town for "the raising." In their wisdom they provided one barrel of rum, three barrels of cider and six barrels of beer, with suitable provision of meat and bread. Perhaps few things better illustrate the radical change in public opinion since the second quarter of the eighteenth century than "the raising of a meeting-house." What would seem sacrilegious to us was a necessity in those times. Without the peculiar provision made by the town no great deeds of courage or strength would have been performed. All we can say about it is that the provision did it.

Mr. Swift's relations with his people were, on the whole, very pleasant. The people fell at times into careless ways in regard to him, as they did in regard to their meeting-house; but this was nothing new in his time, nor is it altogether unknown in ours. It was sometimes after long delay that he could secure his salary, and he humorously wrote receipts "in full for all dues from the creation of the world to date." But in his trials, and he had one very heavy burden, his people rallied round him and provided him with the means to meet his increasing expenses. For several years his wife was in a very deplorable mental condition, and he was obliged to build a house at some distance

from his home, where he could pursue his studies in quiet. His health was broken during the last four or five years of his life, and he gradually ceased to discharge the duties of his office, and was at last relieved from the infirmities of old age and the cares of earth on the 24th of April, 1745, after a pastorate of forty-four years.

The next year the town voted 125 pounds old tenor "to defray the funeral expenses of our late Reverend Pastor, and purchase a decent tombstone." He was buried, and it was a happy thought, on the spot over which the pulpit in the old meeting-house had stood and from which for thirty-five years he had spoken to his people of God, the worlds to come and duty. A slate stone, with a Latin inscription setting forth his virtues and the love of his people, was erected upon the grave. This stone was defaced and so badly broken that it was replaced some years since by another in marble, but, it is to be regretted, without the Latin inscription.

To us to-day there are three things in Mr. Swift's administration that are quite significant as illustrating his character and ministry : —

First. He would not tolerate that "speaking autocrat in the presence of a silent democracy," called an elder.

Second. He took little, if any, interest in the Great Revival under Jonathan Edwards.

Third. He was something of an autocrat himself. No business could come before the church without his consent, and he, as moderator, could always put the question in such a way that it would be adopted or rejected as he wished, for he insisted upon the silent vote. It reminds one of a certain pope who was anxious to carry a measure, and, when he found that all the cardinals had voted against him, covered the negative votes with his skullcap and declared it a unanimous vote.

With the settlement of the second minister the people stipulated for their rights and that the vote should be with uplifted hands, and that the negative should be called.

At the ordination of the Rev. Matthew Bridge, on the 19th of February, 1745-46, the Rev. Nathaniel Appleton of Cambridge preached the sermon. It was afterwards printed and covers forty-two pages. Think of it! an hour and a half or two hours for the sermon alone, without fire, in the month of February! His subject was: "The Usefulness and Necessity of Gifts: but the Transcendent Excellency of Grace, especially that of Charity." It was a timely sermon, broad and generous, and the preacher made a strong plea for charity toward all men. There was then great excitement in the little burgh; a protest had been filed with the council against Mr. Bridge's ordination, for he was suspected of weakness on points looked upon as essential to salvation. The protest did not prevail. The preacher in a covert way struck hard blows at the dissenting brethren. After claiming that all gifts were the gift of God, he says: "Men of great gifts and no grace are not so far nothing in the sight of God but that he oftentimes makes use of them as instruments of good to his church and people." He furthermore declares that "it must be looked upon as a very idle conceit and without foundation in Scripture to affect that it was absolutely impossible for an unconverted minister to be the means or instrument of the converting of a soul. This is to limit the Holy One of Israel." Some of his scriptural exegesis is at least amusing. Thus of Paul's declaration, "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," he says: "Strictly and literally speaking, angels have no tongues. But they have ways of communicating their minds to each other, and that in a most clear and proper manner. So that by his speaking with the tongues of angels we are to understand his being able to express himself in the most excellent and agreeable manner." He then goes on to plead for the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, or, as we should state it, for an educated minister. The sermon illustrates one of the primitive and best characteristics of Calvinism — charity toward sinners. He says in

almost these words that "good men often do very bad things and that bad men do very good things."

The ordination of a minister in the eighteenth century was an important and solemn occasion, but that it was not without festal accompaniments is illustrated in the case of the second that occurred in this Parish. They do not seem to have paid even the expenses of the twelve ministers who were present, but it cost the town to provide for their guests £109-8-2, and it occupied the best part of three days.

Mr. Bridge was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1741. He was a man of striking personal appearance and of mild and amiable disposition, but he was not "a peace-at-all-price man."

At times he seems to have been inspired by the real spirit of the church militant, in the literal sense of the word. When the difficulties between the mother country and these colonies grew serious his patriotism rose with the danger, and when the appeal to arms came he heard it and was among the first of his cloth to volunteer as chaplain. It is said that at the ever memorable scene at Cambridge, on the 3rd of July, 1775, the place assigned to him was beside General Washington under the old elm. (Bridge Genealogy, 16.) Whatever the emotions that moved the hearts of those brave men, they could not have realized the full import of the scene they then witnessed, or have divined its real significance.

"Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash."

As he was among the first to volunteer, so he was among the first martyrs to the cause of liberty. While in the discharge of his duties as chaplain, he was seized with an epidemic disease then prevalent in the army. He returned to Framingham, where he died in a few days, on the 2nd of September, 1775, in the fifty-fifth year of his age and the thirtieth of his ministry. Four years after his death a committee was chosen by the town to build a monument over his grave, but, owing probably to the poverty of the people, the matter was postponed. Twenty-seven years after his death the matter was again brought before the town, but nothing came of it, and an appropriate monument was afterwards erected by his descendants. A Framingham soldier, Colonel Thomas Nixon, wrote on the fly leaf of one of his orderly books the following, which well expresses what sometimes happens : —

“ Our God and Soldier we alike adore, —
Just on the brink of danger — not before ;
After deliverance, they’re alike requited,
Our God forgotten, and our Soldier slighted.”

The Boston Gazette for September, 1775, has the following notice of him : —

“ On Saturday Morning the 3d Instant departed this Life, the Rev. Mr. Matthew Bridge of Framingham, in the 55th year of his Age, and near the 30th of his Ministry. In him were found the true friend and sincere Christian. His affable Temper, and free familiar Disposition, rendered him sociable and agreeable to his Acquaintance and connections. He left a disconsolate Widow and five Children, together with the affectionate People of his Charge, to lament the insupportable Loss. His Remains were decently interred the last Monday.”

The church was without a settled minister for some five years, when the town extended a call to the Rev. David Kellogg, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who was ordained

on Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1781. His ministry extended over forty-nine years, to 1830. He has been given a great reputation for orthodoxy in modern times, and this, together with the fact that he left the old parish and joined himself to the new, has, I think, unjustly prejudiced the generation now on the stage in the old parish against him. He was an old man when the oldest now living were children, and, as was very natural, he clung to some old time customs, which made him conspicuous. It would, indeed, look very queer for a congregation to remain standing to-day after the benediction until the minister had passed out of the meeting-house, bowing to his parishioners as he passed down the aisle; or to have him appear daily on the street with his hair in a queue, with long stockings and short breeches and knee-buckles, as did the gentlemen in the middle of the eighteenth century. But I am not so sure that Dr. Kellogg was not nearer in spirit to the best spirit of our own times than he has the reputation of being. I would not even insinuate a suspicion as to his orthodoxy, for orthodoxy, like many great things, cannot be very accurately defined, and he who attempts to define it is very sure to exhibit the limitations of his own mind and the narrowness of his own nature.

Our church records show Dr. Kellogg to have been progressive, liberal and tolerant. On the 22nd of November, 1792, he brought a petition before the church praying for the adoption of Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns in the service of song, and he took that occasion to recommend that the scriptures should be read in the public services on the Lord's Day, that a bible be procured for that purpose, and that the matter be submitted to the town for its consideration.

His spirit is well illustrated in this record of baptism: "Nov. 1st, 1827: — Wife of Lovel Emes was baptized by immersion, to which I consented in a charitable accommodation to the conscientious scruples of the candidate. Being unwilling to go into the water myself, the Rev. Mr. Moore

of Natick was applied to, with my consent, to administer the ordinance. I hope it may be attended with happy effects. 'I am made all things to all men, that, by all means, I may save some.' PAUL."

But this was not all. Such was his kindly spirit that he won from those opposed to him in theology the highest tributes. The Rev. Artemas B. Muzzey, the first Unitarian to occupy this pulpit as minister of the First Parish, came back to Framingham and preached a sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Dr. Kellogg, whose kindness to him as a young minister was still fresh in his memory. The Rev. William Barry, of whom I shall have something to say presently, knew him in his vigorous and green old age, and speaks of him in words that throb with reverence and love. The day that he was stricken with his fatal illness, then at the advanced age of eighty-seven, he walked to Mr. Barry's house to sit for his portrait. This was on Wednesday, and he died the following Sunday, Aug. 13th, 1843. His funeral was at the First Parish Church, and the minister, Mr. Barry, took part in the services.

The last time Dr. Kellogg appeared on a public occasion was in the month of May before his death. It was at a tea party given by all the religious societies in town. He was greeted with a warm welcome, and he improved the occasion to enforce sentiments of mutual toleration and Christian harmony. Mr. Barry, after recording an account of his funeral in our church book, has written: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On the 3rd of April, 1826, a petition, signed by Luther Belknap and others, was addressed to Abraham Harrington, Esquire, praying for the leave to organize a parish. The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and on the 24th of April a parish was duly organized according to law. The

treasurer's book now before me shows that the parish went to its work at once. For three years there is the record of the payment of Dr. Kellogg's salary and the other expenses of the society. But trouble was brewing; theology, however, had little to do with it at first. In the eye of the law, as it was then, a parish was a body politic, with consequent rights and obligations. A church was a self-constituted, self-perpetuating body of both sexes, of adults and minors. It might have members who were not tax payers, and include servants temporarily in families. It had no legal existence then and never had. It had really become an "imperium in imperio."

Friction was inevitable, and the first question that came up was whether you pay your money and take your choice, or pay your money and have no choice. The contending schools of theology at Andover and Cambridge were called in, and the contention went into the air and "like a comet blazed" with all the passions of human nature.

"Not a word or a moment will I give to the rehearsal of the alienation between townsmen, neighbors, families and lifelong friends, attendant and consequent upon this lamentable business." But both parties have vindicated their right to be, and the passions of that hour should be left in the passionless dust they once animated — in the graveyard.

Things soon came to such a pass that only a trial of strength could settle the matter. The test vote at last came and the parish was in a majority, and in so large a majority that, as the result shows, the minority had no hope of overcoming it. There was nothing for the minority to do but to submit or secede. On the 20th of January, 1830, a new parish was formed, calling itself the "Hollis Evangelical Society," and the next Sunday, the 24th, they held services in the town hall. This new society is the present Plymouth Church, "the Orthodox branch of the First Parish," and here, so far as this story is concerned, we bid them farewell and Godspeed.

In the First Parish things took an orderly shape at once. There were strong men among its members who did their work in a business-like way. The church still kept its organization, made some alterations in the covenant and elected a clerk to record its doings. The early records are a beautiful specimen of penmanship; they are clearly and concisely expressed, and all through their doings one can trace the presence of a legally trained mind.

On the 11th of March the Lord's Supper was celebrated; the Rev. Andrew Bigelow officiated. The deacons being absent, the church invited "brother Nat Fisk to officiate in distributing the bread and wine." There were present twenty members and ten or twelve other persons. The Lord's Supper has been celebrated with regularity down to the present time, usually once in two months. On the 1st of May, 1836, the church voted that in the future they would dispense with the services of the choir at the Lord's Supper, and that a committee, composed of J. Caldwell, J. Adams and J. Kendall, Jr., make arrangements for the singing, and express to the choir of singers the thanks of the church for their past aid and inform them that their assistance thereafter would not be needed, and also to communicate with the Hollis Church in this town and make arrangements for the simultaneous ringing of the bells on the afternoon of communion days. This is the last communication the two churches have had on that subject.

The ordinance of baptism was not neglected, but seems to have taken a stronger hold upon the people than ever before in the history of the church. During Dr. Kellogg's long pastorate of forty-nine years, twenty-nine adults were baptized. During the administration of Mr. Muzzey, extending over about three years, there were twenty-four adults baptized, and among these were some of the leading men in the parish and a goodly number of young men who afterwards became influential in their generation. There was still, as

of old, a careful guardianship of the interests of piety and religion in the parish.

The church was very much embarrassed by the action of the deacons. As this is no longer a matter of controversy, but of history, it may be interesting to state the position of the church connected with the First Parish. Both the deacons went with the seceding party, and, for reasons best known to themselves, did not resign their office, but absented themselves from the discharge of its duties.

The Supreme Court of the Commonwealth had decided some years before, in the case of *Baker v. Fales*, that when any number of the members of a church die or withdraw, the remaining members constitute the church. No definite number is necessary to constitute a church and no quorum is necessary to do business. The identity of a church is not affected by the death of its members, and the withdrawal of a majority in a body is entirely irrelevant; the remaining body constitutes the church and is entitled to all the rights of the original body, its name, plate and property of every kind.

(This decision was a most unexpected affair. It was based on the third article of the Bill of Rights. The chief justice and the court were influenced in their decision by several earlier Massachusetts cases, viz. :—

Avery v. Inhabitants of Tyringham, 3 Mass. 159, at 179.

Burr v. Inhabitants of Sandwich, 9 Mass. 277, at 297.

Deacons of Sandwich v. Tilden, 16 Mass. 502, note.

Chief Justice Shaw seems to have looked upon the decision of his predecessor as a correct interpreter of the history and the law of both the Province and the Commonwealth, as he based one of his own decisions upon it. Another and an entirely different position is taken in the case of *Holt v. Downs*, 58 N. H. 170, holding that the relation of church and parish is at any time dissoluble.)

In this case, here in Framingham, therefore, the remaining body was legally the original church. They were an intelligent body of men and knew perfectly well that a church could not be carried off in the night, or by a seceding body, although it might be in a majority. The deacons had gone with the majority, but they were still officers in the original body; that is, in the remaining body. What was to be done with them? The church connected with the First Parish proceeded with great caution and in strict accord with the ecclesiastical usage of the time and the laws of the Commonwealth.

“At a meeting held in the meeting house on the 9th of May, 1830, it was voted that notice be given to Luther Haven and John Temple to attend the meeting of this church which is to be held at the house of brother David Brewer on Wednesday next at four o’clock P.M. — if they think proper so to attend — in order that they may show cause, if any they have, why the office of deacon in this church should not be declared vacant; or why, if they have not already abdicated or abandoned the office, they should not be removed and dismissed therefrom.” This is, indeed, a little caustic and churchy, but it shows, however, a disposition to be fair. To the deacons it did not seem “proper so to attend” the meeting on Wednesday afternoon, and the church, after waiting some time, elected O. S. Keith deacon.

At a meeting held at the house of David Brewer, on the 27th of April, 1830, the church took a very important step and put themselves in legal relations with the parish, as the following preamble and resolution show: —

“Whereas, the constitution and laws of the Commonwealth give to parishes “at all times” “the exclusive right of electing their public teachers and contracting with them for their support and maintenance”; and

“Whereas, notwithstanding this “exclusive right” in parishes, it has been the custom in many places for the church as a distinct

body from the parish to give the candidate for settlement in the parish a separate call to be their pastor ; and

“ *Whereas*, we deem it highly reasonable and just that that body which alone can contract with their public teacher and which alone are bound to pay him, should exercise the right guaranteed to them by the constitution without the interference of any third party ; and

“ *Whereas*, as members of the parish, we, in common with others, have an opportunity to act and vote once upon the important subject of inviting a minister, and a separate invitation by us as a church would in our opinion be wholly nugatory and of no legal effect ; therefore,

“ *Voted*, unanimously, that although we do cordially approve of the settlement of Mr. Artemas B. Muzzey as a gospel minister in the First Parish in this town, yet, for the reasons above stated, we will dispense with the customary formality of giving him an invitation.”

Thus was done away, as by “ a self-denying act ”, an invidious and hurtful distinction.

At the ordination of Mr. Muzzey, which took place on the 10th of June, 1830, the church made the arrangements, invited the churches which composed the council, and expressed a wish as to who should take part in the services. Dr. Kellogg was invited to sit with the council, but declined on account of his health. At this time a communion service was presented to the society, consisting of two tankards, two plates, four goblets and a baptismal bowl, by fifteen ladies from abroad who had friends in the parish.

George Chapman was ordained on the 6th of November, 1833. The church was requested by the parish to make arrangements for the ordination. On the 2nd of June the following year, Mr. Chapman’s connection with the parish was terminated by his untimely death. In his short ministry he made a great impression upon his people and acquired, in a remarkable degree, their confidence.

A call was then extended to the Rev. William Barry, and he was installed on the 16th of December, 1835. Mr.

Barry was in the habit of noting in the church book little matters of interest, and he has recorded the fact that he had a cold time at his installation, for the mercury ranged all day between 15° and 20° below zero, but that there was a good audience.

Mr. Barry requires more than a passing notice here, as he was not only minister of the First Parish for nine years, but a historian of the town. He was a Boston boy, and graduated at Brown University in the distinguished class of 1822. He studied law in the office of Chief Justice Shaw, but, changing his purpose in life, he took a course in theology at the Divinity School at Cambridge, and studied two years in Germany. On his return to this country he was ordained at Lowell, where he remained five years.

While minister of the First Parish he took a deep interest in all its affairs, and every year preached a sermon on the anniversary of his installation, giving an account of what had been done and not infrequently recommending the civic virtues, for he was a public-spirited man. The Sunday School was to him an important institution, and he kept a record of the attendance, and every year preached a sermon to the children. In a controversial age he was not given to controversy; it was distasteful to him. His rule seems to have been: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men." But he was not a man who could be quiet when great moral principles were shabbily misstated and people were asked to belittle themselves in order that the tailor's clothes might fit them. He was very reluctantly drawn into one controversy, but he lifted it out of the low, swampy plains of self-conceit and egotism, and the public was led to admire his spirit, although many could not go with him in the length to which he carried his principles.

After his retirement from the pulpit he remained in town, taught a school and prepared his history of Framingham, which is a monument of his industry and historic insight.

It is a real history. He made good use of all the materials then accessible. He loved to tell of the good men had done, and the saint and the sinner had a fair chance on his pages. His mind took naturally to historical studies, and he had the honor of an election to the Massachusetts Historical Society. When he removed from the state he resigned his membership, but was chosen a corresponding member in January, 1872. He was made a member of the American Antiquarian Society in April, 1859, and he was also a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society.

Mr. Barry's great work was done in the West. In Chicago he is looked upon as the father of one of the great institutions of the city. It was at his suggestion that the Chicago Historical Society was founded, and he was its first secretary and librarian. He was able to approach men of wealth and secure their patronage, and he easily won the hearty co-operation of all. He is still called by the old members, "Dear Dr. Barry." He is reported to have collected and catalogued one hundred thousand books, pamphlets and objects of historical interest during his fifteen years' connection with the society.

He was not a voluminous writer, but what he did write is of great value. He was a very useful man, and freely and generously helped other men to do great things. It was in his office, and with his help, that Abraham Lincoln procured the data for his great speech at the Cooper Institution on the 27th of February, 1860, which persuaded the people of the North that they had found in a plain Western attorney a man worthy to be their leader in the sacred cause of liberty.

Mr. Barry died at Chicago on the 17th of January, 1885, at the advanced age of eighty years. "From 1844 onwards, so long as he lived in Framingham," writes the Rev. I. N. Tarbox, at one time pastor of the Plymouth Church, "I was his near neighbor, and familiar with his busy literary labors.

He was a most kind, polite and companionable man. His wife was gentle in all her ways, and of a refined mind and great literary culture. The hymn which she wrote for the dedication of the Edgell Grove cemetery was rare for its beauty and fitness."

At a special meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, held to do honor to his memory, the following resolution was presented by Judge Skinner and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the Chicago Historical Society in the death of Rev. William Barry mourns the departure of its original founder, its first secretary and librarian, its earliest and best friend—the one to whose zeal and enthusiasm it owes its early and great success and its establishment on a firm foundation. A profound student and accomplished writer, a courtly and elegant gentleman, he accomplished for this society at its outset and during the first year of its history surprising results, securing for it a position among kindred associations in this country and in foreign lands, and benefits, which, but for his efforts, could not have been attained.

During the administration of his successor, the Rev. John N. Bellows, who was ordained April 15th, 1846, his brother, Rev. Henry W. Bellows of New York, preaching the sermon, the question of a new meeting-house began to be agitated. The three previous meeting-houses had been built by the town; the burden now must come on the parish. On the 15th of January, 1846, a paper was presented to the parish, beginning: "We, the subscribers, being desirous of promoting piety and good order in society, and specially in that of the First Parish in Framingham, hereby agree to associate ourselves for building a new church for the said parish the coming spring." The conditions are then stated, and the paper was signed by George Phipps, Rufus Brewer, I. S. Wheeler, Moses Edgell, Simon Whitney, William H. Knight and Josiah Stedman.

The parish accepted the conditions of this self-constituted committee, who built the present church and sold it to the

parish. The pews were then sold to individuals, and the parish took nine hundred and forty dollars' worth of pews in the final settlement with the committee. The church was dedicated on Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1847. The introductory was by Rev. S. G. Bullfinch, the dedicatory prayer by Rev. Joseph Allen, the dedicatory hymn by N. P. Willis, the sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington, an original hymn by Rev. S. G. Bullfinch, and the concluding prayer by Rev. Ralph Sanger. The music must have been fine, for I find that the treasurer paid three dollars and thirty-eight cents for bass viol strings.

The Rev. Joseph H. Phipps was ordained Nov. 16, 1848. The Rev. Nathaniel Hall of Dorchester preached the sermon. Two important parts were assigned to former ministers, the ordaining prayer to the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, and the address to the people to the Rev. William Barry. The next May the Sunday School opened with sixty pupils present. The benevolent activities of the parish seemed to have developed in every direction very rapidly. In August a collection of sixty-three dollars was made for the American Unitarian Association, and soon after the ladies of the society raised money and made their minister a life member of the association, and a present of some books. In October a sewing society was formed, the proceeds of the same to assist some student at Meadville. The Rev. John M. Spear, the prisoners' friend, was given an opportunity to plead his cause, and a contribution was taken for him. Money was raised and put into the hands of the minister to use for the worthy poor; nor did they forget the old maxim, that "charity begins at home." It is recorded in the minister's own handwriting that the ladies of the parish gave him ninety dollars "wherewith to purchase a suit of clothes for himself."

The ministry of Mr. Phipps was short. He was afterwards settled at East Bridgewater and at Kingston, where he died July 20, 1871. He was succeeded by the Rev.

Samuel D. Robbins, who was installed in May, 1854, and resigned March 16, 1867.

The worship of our fathers was attended with what would be to us great personal discomfort. The sittings in the meeting-house were anything but easy, and it should be borne in mind that stoves were not introduced into this church until 1823. The public reading of the Scriptures without comment or explanation was regarded with suspicion, as an improper conformity to the hierarchical service and dubbed with the opprobrious name of "dumb reading." The Psalm was lined by the deacon and sung without instrumental accompaniment. Some of the Psalms contained eight, ten and twelve stanzas, and the lining and singing took up a good deal of time. It was not until 1768 that the singers were seated together in the gallery, and about that time stringed instruments were introduced, but not without opposition and the usual amount of Scripture quoting. If the declaration of the Prophet Amos (v. 23), "I will not hear the melody of your viols" did not settle the question, there was Nebuchadnezzar's idolatrous concert of "cornet, flute, dulcimer, sackbut, psaltery," and all kinds of music. Considerable attention was given to music during Mr. Bridge's administration, who was a good singer. The version of the Psalter used was that common in the churches of New England: "The Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, Faithfully Translated into English Metre; for the Use, Edification and Comfort of the Saints in Public and in Private, especially in New England." In later editions was published an appendix containing the notes of thirty-nine tunes.

This venerable book was superseded in 1792 by Watts' "Psalms and Hymns." The "Christian Psalter," a compilation by the Rev. William P. Lunt, minister of the First Parish in Quincy, Mass., was introduced in the early forties and held its place until Mr. Spaulding's time, when it gave way to the "Hymn and Tune Book" published by the

association, and this, in Mr. Smith's ministry, was supplanted by the new edition of the same now in use.

An organ, built by Holbrook & Ware of Medway, was set up in the church in 1849, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. For some time the senior partner of the firm came to Framingham every Sunday to act as organist. In 1885 a committee of six was appointed to secure a new organ. This committee, — E. F. Bowditch, Franklin E. Gregory, Charles D. Lewis, Mrs. George H. Weeks, Mrs. James J. Valentine and Mrs. Charles D. Lewis — after long consultation, secured the present instrument, built by Holborne L. Roosevelt of New York. The parish raised three thousand dollars, but it is said that the organ cost somebody a very handsome sum besides. The inaugural recital was on Tuesday evening, June 29th, 1886.

Considerable attention was given to music before the days of hired choirs. The parish frequently made appropriations for singing schools. In 1836 a hundred dollars was paid a singing master.

Since 1830 the parish has often been without a settled minister, and they have employed able men to supply the pulpit. In 1835 the Rev. William H. Channing, Dr. Follen, Dr. Hall and George W. Briggs preached here. The Rev. Ralph W. Emerson occupied the pulpit four Sundays and received for his services forty dollars. Ten dollars per Sunday was the usual price paid, and one of the deacons usually entertained the minister and sent the bill to the parish. Those were the days of small things. The treasurer's salary was six dollars a year. The affairs of the parish were conducted in a very close and business-like way. Moses Edgell was the first treasurer, and sometimes reported at the annual meeting that there was a surplus in the treasury. If a man neglected to pay his pew tax it went on interest. But it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If the parish did not pay its debts, especially to members, they went on interest. The pastor's pew was priced at one hundred and forty

dollars, but when the parish was ready to pay, the accrued interest amounted to three dollars and eighty-seven cents. The minister's salary was to be paid quarterly, but I notice that when Mr. Barry's salary was three months behind the treasurer did not have the conscience to pay him interest. But with all the economy they could use they could not keep square with the world, and sometimes ran behind more than they raised. When the case became desperate they would take hold and put themselves financially right with the world and everybody in it. It ought, however, to be said that in a number of these cases individuals have generously paid the debts of the parish, or quietly made up the deficiency when a subscription was likely to fail. Of these persons who have kept their own secret we can only say, as one of your former ministers said, "May He who seeth in secret reward them openly."

The tone of moral life among the people in the eighteenth century was low, but the church, to its everlasting credit, stood firm for purity in the home and honesty among men. It was an open court where its members, without cost, could prefer charges against each other, and the violators of the moral law were brought to its bar for trial. Its records sometimes look like the records of a police court, but its object was not to punish the culprit, but to bring the sinner to repentance and restore him or her to right relations to itself. The charity of the church was very great. This characteristic of Calvinism is one of its noblest; the repentant sinner was sure of its powerful shelter. This is abundantly illustrated in all the New England churches, and the First Parish is no exception. There was always the danger of looking too closely after the weakness of human nature, and it afforded the officious inquisitor an opportunity to raise mistakes and trivial faults into crimes. Toward heretics they were not always so charitable.

Of that other charity, which is moved by the appeal of misfortune and sorrow, or by the appeal of an imperiled

principle, there is abundant evidence that our fathers were large-hearted and generous-minded. "On the 24th of August, 1718," writes Mr. Swift, "I proposed a contribution for Joseph Angier, being sorely distressed with a cancer." The contribution was taken the next Lord's Day and amounted to £5-6-6. Contributions were frequently taken for the sick and those who had been burned out, and for many where the cause of the distress is not stated.

There is one of these contributions, a contribution of £15-5, which is interesting on account of its results. It illustrates the words of the preacher: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." On the 19th of April, 1724, a contribution was made to redeem the children of Mr. Joseph Stevens from Indian captivity. Mr. Stevens was a Rutland man, who had lived in Framingham, and two of his children had been killed by the Indians and two had been carried to Canada. The boys were redeemed, and one of them became known in our history twenty-three years afterwards as Captain Phineas Stevens, who made the heroic defense of a blockhouse at No. 4, or, as we know the place, Charlestown, N. H. With eighteen men, unseduced by promises and unterrified by threats of torture and death, for three days he circumvented the wiles and repelled the attacks of seven hundred French and Indians, and sent them disappointed and hungry back into the wilderness, and saved the settlers in the Connecticut valley from the unutterable horrors and sufferings of Indian warfare. Had this deed been recorded of some old Greek or Roman, it would have found a place beside the three hundred at the pass of Thermopylæ, and the story of "Horatius at the Bridge."

In the early days they instituted a weekly contribution. One of the deacons stood with a box, and the people came up and dropped their mites into it. But it soon became an old story, and the good deacon refused to hold the box any longer, as no one paid the slightest attention to it. But this

neglect of the contribution box is not peculiar to our fathers. In one of our wealthy churches not long ago, the minister asked for a contribution, and said : " Now give to this cause ; the contributions in this church have been contemptibly small of late." The truth is, the ballot box and the contribution box are great educational institutions, and no one seeking a liberal education should neglect either.

When the condition of the so-called pagan world began to attract the attention of Christians, Dr. Kellogg and his people took an active interest in foreign missions, and the church made provision for the education of a little pagan at the Ceylon Mission School, who received the name of David Kellogg. Later down in its story, the ladies of the First Parish helped to educate one of the boys of the parish in a very different theology, and they have been abundantly rewarded by the place he has won for himself in his profession.

The church has always been a patriotic church, and took an earnest part in the Revolution and in the great war of the Rebellion. Their contributions to the sanitary commission were regular and large. The parish was an early, and has been an almost constant contributor to the funds of the American Unitarian Association, and to all denominational purposes. But, unfortunately, they kept no records of their good works in any direction, or, if they did, a diligent inquiry has failed to discover them. One of the ministers, however, the Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, kept a private record for eighteen years, from which I glean the following facts ; (but it ought to be said that he was not always able to ascertain the facts, and was obliged to record a gift without giving the amount). During this period the Society contributed to the A. U. A. five thousand, one hundred and forty-three dollars and eighty-five cents ; to the Sunday School Society, five hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty-cents ; for the new building, eight hundred and twenty-five dollars ; for other denominational purposes, one thousand

seven hundred and twenty dollars. But this is only a part of the story. No call for help in any part of our land, like that which came from the sufferers from the earthquake in Charleston, S. C., has been passed by unheeded. In addition to this, the members of the parish have, by contributions and by bequests, contributed to the public during this period a sum of not less than one hundred and seventy-six thousand one hundred dollars.

The parish has never been large. Mr. Barry could number in his day only about seventy families. So far as numbers are concerned, some three hundred men, women and children would cover the whole in times of greatest prosperity during the last twenty-five years; the strength of the parish has never been in its numbers. During the last two hundred years there have been great changes, the generations have come and gone forever. There is only one man among us (Mr. Joseph C. Cloyes) who can trace his lineal descent back to a signer of the covenant on the 8th of October, 1701, and should his ancestor appear to him some night he might introduce himself by saying, as the ghost did to Hosea Biglow: "I'm your gret-gran'thir multiplied by three." All the rest are gone, and have not left a wreck behind them. But, to come nearer to our own time, in the eighteen years just referred to many family names were blotted out: Edgell and Upham, Eaton and Fay, Phipps and Richardson, Scott and Perry, Hall and Haven, Mellen and Wheeler. Those two rows of white heads, which many here to-day can remember so well, arranged along next to the aisles in the middle of the church, are all gone, but they have left to the young men and women of to-day an example of devotion and loyalty to religion, the public and humanity, that challenges their utmost endeavor.

There is one thing about the church that must not go unnoticed, for it has had much to do with its history. The third meeting-house was built by the town in 1807, and stood on the spot now occupied by this. It was the first one

that had a steeple. A bell, cast at the famous foundry of Paul Revere, was presented to the town by Colonel Micah Stone, then an old man. The town expressed its gratitude for the gift by directing the selectmen to cause the bell to be rung on his birthday as long as he lived, and tolled a suitable time after his death. In 1847 a fourth meeting-house was dedicated, and the bell was transferred to its present situation.

For almost a hundred years its clear, sweet tones on Sundays have summoned the people to prayer and praise, and its clangor has awakened them by its call for aid in distress. It has ushered in many a national holiday and season of rejoicing, and rung its joyous paeans for the victory of freedom over slavery and of right over wrong. It has sounded the knell of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, for those whose names were "writ on water" and for those who have written their names in letters of light across our national history, and, saddest of all, for three martyr presidents of the Republic.

Under it is the clock, the gift of Moses Edgell, and in obedience to its commands the bell has twenty-four times a day tolled off in solemn cadence the hour, notifying man — the only creature on earth who takes note of time, — how far the day or night has advanced.

The old First Parish has come down to us from strong hands, and brings with it the blessing of strong and generous men and women. No one but the Recording Angel knows how much good it has done in these two hundred years; but the need is ever new, and the old bell still sends out its summons to all to learn the significance of life, its aim and purpose, and to learn also that other lesson, "the relation of the creature to the Creator, of the son to the Father, of the weak and the tempted to the all-quickenings Spirit."

ADDRESS.

OF REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING, PASTOR OF THE FIRST PARISH, FEBRUARY, 1868,
SEPTEMBER, 1873.

One of the greatest joys of growing older is that we are all the time recovering our youth. We live over again our cheerful yesterdays and the happy years o' auld lang syne.

“Near, and more near, old scenes appear,
The things we did of yore”.

It is, therefore, a real pleasure for me to go back this morning, down the golden stairway of Memory, to the years of my pastorate here, and to recall the parish as it was a generation ago. For the young minister it was surely a good time; his kingly days; a time crowded with varied work.

“I, preaching proudly with your breath on me,
My brain and hands kept plying by your hearts”.

Here, in February, 1868, I was ordained to the ministry; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Rev. E. B. Willson, Rev. Francis Tiffany, Rev. Dr. Joshua Young and Rev. Charles A. Humphreys were among those who took part in the service. Two original hymns were sung; one contributed by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, the other by Rev. Dr. William H. Furness. The sermon was preached by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D. Its theme, even the text, I have forgotten. This, however, is no reproach to that scholarly divine, for I have forgotten most of my own sermons. I recall, in this connection, a remark which Dr. Hedge made at the Ordination dinner; to the effect that he congratu-

lated me upon having a parish in a country village, where I would find abundant leisure for reading and study. If ever I found leisure in those laborious days it was where, as has been wittily said of satisfaction, "one always finds it, in the dictionary."

The dinner, which was given in the Town Hall, was a feast of good things for both body and mind. Among the speakers was the new pastor's Episcopalian friend and college chum, Mr. Henry A. Clapp, the dramatic critic and Shakspearean scholar. A hearty Godspeed was also given to the parish and its minister by a distinguished member of the Trinitarian Congregational body, the late Hon. John W. Bacon of the Superior Court.

One of the speakers for the parish was the late Gen. George H. Gordon, who said, among other things, that if he should ever see any member of the congregation going to sleep in meeting he would throw his hymn book at his head. Possibly the General had in mind a remark made by that zealous friend of the parish, Mr. George Phipps, when I was preaching here as a candidate. Mr. Phipps had been introduced to me as "one of the pillars of the Church." "Oh, no, Mr. Spaulding," was his quick reply, "Not one of the pillars, only one of the *sleepers*." Using this word in another sense, it may be said that we began to run the church then on sleepers; for the new departure was much like introducing railroad trains to take the place of the old-fashioned stage-coach. The young minister and the young business men of the parish were believers in the "strenuous life", and soon introduced modern methods of work. The first step was the organizing of the entire working force of the society into numerous committees. Next, a good choir was secured, largely through the personal efforts and princely generosity of the Chairman of the Parish Committee. We were very fortunate in having for our choir leader and organist that great-hearted, faithful man, as well as earnest and enthusiastic musician, Mr.

James O. Freeman. The chairman of our Parish Committee, Mr. George B. Brown, was not only instrumental in securing our singers, he was untiring in his devotion to all the interests of the society. Some of you may recall his Sunday morning labors of love, when he would go into his garden or out into the fields, gather the choicest flowers of the season and bring them himself to adorn the pulpit, that they might teach us all the lesson, that

“The harp at Nature’s advent strung
Has never ceased to play.”

During the years of my pastorate Mr. Brown loved this church next to his home, and served it with a thoughtful affection. He had a tender reverence for those great ideals which a free church of Christ represents; and he was also one of those who “in the church a blessing find” that fills the heart and sweetens the life.

In the winter following my ordination we held for three months, Sunday evening services. These were not “Vesper Services,” at which the preacher’s part consists chiefly in speaking or reading as frequently as possible, in order to give the singers time in which to rest their voices. We had the best of music on these Sunday evenings and enough of it; but the distinctive feature of the service was a lecture-sermon on some one of the great themes of theology. Such topics were discussed as “The Bible;” “The Imitableness of Christ’s Character;” “Human nature not ruined, but incomplete;” “Sin and Retribution;” “Immortality.” No one knows better than the speaker how inadequately these topics were treated; but the greatness of the themes, as among the profoundest subjects of human thought, attracted good congregations, that were made up in part of persons from other religious communions. The next year we held a series of Sunday afternoon services in the Town Hall, seeking to interest those who for one reason or another had not attended any service in the morning. As

showing that we tried to keep in touch with the live questions of the day, I may recall the special service which was held in the Church after a prohibition convention had met in the village. Taking issue with some of the extreme statements made at that convention, the pastor gave a discourse with the title, "Rational Temperance," a sermon which was not only fully reported at the time in the Boston journals, but was also widely distributed afterward in pamphlet form.

The motto of the parish in those busy days was a slightly modified form of the famous proverb of Terence — *Whatever has to do with human welfare is our concern*. At one time it was a public singing-school, for the immediate purpose of improving the quality of congregational singing in the various village churches. Apart from the pure enjoyment of much good music on those winter evenings, our singing-school was largely instrumental in preparing the way for the teaching of music in the public schools of the town. At another time, we gave the community special courses of valuable lectures. The first of these courses was a series given by Prof. William H. Niles, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on "Geology." It is interesting to note that thirty years ago a man who lectured on Geology, with a leaning toward the theory of evolution, was looked upon as necessarily heretical in his religious opinions. In this instance, however, the so-called heretic, so far from being a "liberal" in his theology, was a member in good standing, of the Methodist Church. We have lived to see Geology and Genesis make up their little quarrel, while evolution has shed its life-giving rays upon every field of human thought.

During one season in the period of my pastorate, we gave the public a course of ten popular instructive lectures, for the almost nominal price of one dollar for a course ticket. One of our lecturers was the late Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke. After the lecture, Dr. Clarke met at my house the

Rev. Minot J. Savage, at that time pastor of the Plymouth Church, and their conversation on religious themes was one important step in the evolution of that eminent minister's views from the old, to the new, theology.

Turning for a moment to our Sunday routine, I recall the interest which I took from the beginning of my ministry in the work of the Sunday School. In 1871 I prepared and published lesson-papers for general use in all the classes, thus anticipating by several years the publications of this character issued by our Unitarian Sunday School Society.

In the autumn of '71 came the great Chicago fire. Believing that he who helps quickly makes his aid doubly valuable, I went around at once among my parishioners with a subscription paper, with the result that one of the first telegrams to reach the devastated city was my dispatch to Rev. Robert Colyer, telling him that the First Parish in Framingham gave one thousand dollars for the relief of Chicago's sufferers. Soon after this we organized in the village a Chicago Relief Society. By virtue of his position as Chairman of the Relief Committee, the care of the packing and forwarding the boxes and barrels which were sent to Chicago, together with a good deal of correspondence and other work, fell to your pastor. It was a last straw upon the burden-bearing back. Dr. Hedge's prediction of abundance of leisure had proved to be prophecy unfulfilled. Broken down by excessive labors, unable to use my eyes for either reading or writing, I was sent by my physician to Europe. Returning to Framingham after an absence of nearly seven months I was invited to give a lecture before the village Lyceum. Accepting the invitation, I hastily prepared a lecture on "Pagan and Christian Rome" which was illustrated by some rude diagrams and a few photographs. How little did any of us realize that on that winter's evening, in the Framingham Town Hall, the modern "Illustrated Lecture" was born! Two years later, at the

Lowell Institute in Boston, the single lecture had grown to a course of twelve, illustrated by several hundred stereopticon views, the earliest examples, so far as I have been able to ascertain, of stereopticon lectures or illustrated teaching; lectures, that is, in which picture and discourse are blended in the same way as text and engraving in an illustrated book.

I am giving you here not a history of my pastorate, but merely a few glimpses of what the parish and its minister were doing in that brief period of its annals, only one fortieth part of its long, eventful and honorable career. I trust that I have shown you something of the kind of work which was accomplished in those days in a country parish. I have no statistics of the church attendance, of the number of sermons which I preached, or of the weddings and the funerals. As for the inner life of the church its record is found on the "fleshy tablets" of human hearts. It is graven in precious memories, in tender associations, in undying hopes. The work that was wrought was the united labor of pastor and people; and I doubt if any other minister ever had in his first parish fellow-workers who were more zealously affected in all good and helpful endeavors. A year ago, at the celebration of the town's bi-centennial, I pronounced their eulogy. Only a few of those parishioners of thirty years ago now survive. A new congregation look up from these pews to the preacher who at the present time feeds so well their minds and hearts. Of those days of long ago we can truly say "The past is secure." The men and women who then made this church a beacon light and a center of kindly warmth for the diffusion of a pure and practical Christianity toiled not in vain. Their deeds live on. Their prayers of humble virtue made the perfume which lingers in this place. Those who have come after them have entered into their labors. For all of truth and of love that really exists at any time lasts ever. Just as the fields on these hillsides may lie fallow, or may be

clothed with verdure, or covered with rich harvests, while all the time, from springs beneath, the refreshing water flows; so society may wear a new face; customs may vary; rules and standards, like human opinions, may change; but the soul and its life; man's religious aspirations and his religious activities — these abide — these make the

“One holy Church of God
In every age and race:
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.”

“In vain the surges' angry shock;
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharm'd, upon the eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.”

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting in the afternoon commenced at 2:30.

The Organ Voluntary was followed by singing by the Apollo Quartette of Boston. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco, Cal. After singing by the Quartette, the Rev. Calvin Stebbins, who acted as Chairman, said: “We are fortunate this afternoon in having to address us three gentlemen who will need no introduction. I hope you will pardon me a personal allusion. I am a member of the South Congregational Church in Boston and I am going to ask my minister to address us. He is not a man without a country, although he is known in many lands. I will call first upon the Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., of Boston.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

Mr. Hale referred with pleasure to the remarkable address which Mr. Stebbins had made in the morning exercises. He said that for any community it was a great blessing to have such memories, and that any community should be grateful that an occasion like this should recall them. We advance from step to step in what we are pleased to call civilization, but there are some of those great discoveries which our fathers wrought out which we have not improved upon. Among the social arrangements of the past this plan for a settled minister, appointed by the town itself, to see to its moral and spiritual needs met the necessities of their case as no arrangement of to-day meets ours. Mr. Hale said that he spoke with special interest in this matter because he had lately been studying again the daily diary of his own grandfather, Enoch Hale, who was one of the last survivors of that old system which made the first settled minister of the town the particular teacher and friend of every person in that town. Thus Enoch Hale, when he was twenty-five years old, was chosen by the frontier town of Westhampton to be its minister. From that time, until he died in 1837, he was an officer of that town. He was as distinctly an officer of that town as the mayor of Boston is an officer of Boston, or as a selectman of Framingham is an officer of Framingham. But Enoch Hale was an officer chosen for life, and the town of Westhampton had undertaken to pay his salary. For life they were to provide his wood, his homestead and his yearly wages. In return for this it was the duty of Enoch

Hale, and he made it his pleasure, to have an eye upon every man, woman and child in Westhampton. He visited every family in the town, not simply with the friendship of a neighbor, but, I might say, with the authority of an officer. It was his duty to do so. If a man only paid four cents in taxes into the town treasury, and if only one mill of those taxes was paid to Enoch Hale, still the relation existed that Enoch Hale was employed by the town of Westhampton to oversee the education, moral, spiritual and intellectual, of all the people of Westhampton. No one in Westhampton was so poor but he had one friend; no boy or girl could grow up without the knowledge of one competent person who should tell whether this boy might become an Eli Whitney working a change in the commerce of the world; whether this girl might not become a Jenny Lind, delighting nations with the sweetness of her song to God. And such men as we have had the history of this morning, attended to this personal duty. There was not a house in Framingham in those early days, no matter whether it were the wigwam of a pioneer, but was certain of the sympathy and prayerful ministry of the minister of Framingham.

We changed this relationship, in which the minister of the town was just as much a servant of everybody in the town as the superintendent of highways in Framingham is to-day, — we changed this relationship in 1831, by what we call the tenth amendment to the constitution of Massachusetts. The minister of this parish to-day assumes no such duty when he is ordained as Enoch Hale assumed when he was ordained minister of Westhampton, and as every Congregational minister assumed up till the period of that change. And now I have sitting around me here ministers of several churches, each eager to fulfil his duty to his parishioners, but no one of whom is bound by special obligation to attend to the need of the last Canadian emigrant who has taken up his home within your boundaries.

Of this matter Mr. Hale said he spoke in such detail

because the need of such absolute supervision had asserted itself in the quarter where it was most likely to receive attention, in the councils of the Congregational Association of the State. He was rather glad, he said, of the opportunity to bring a matter of administration so interesting as this into an assembly which brings together the religious people of Framingham, who not only want to express their gratitude for the past, but are determined to express their sense of religious duty in the future. He ventured to ask the clergymen of the different communions who were present if it might not be possible for them to meet three or four times a year, with a map of Framingham before them, and to lay out, as between themselves, every house in every hamlet in Framingham, and assume among themselves these friendly duties of ministry which were perfectly familiar to the clergy of a hundred years ago. There need not be any matter of denominational partisanship, certainly there need not be any matter of proselytism, as between one and another communion. We have all the same wish and prayer, that the kingdom of God may come, and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. What a noble beginning of the new century for this town it would be if twelve months hence, on some such gathering as this, we could say that there was no person so far removed from this center, that there was no shanty so destitute, that there was no foreign emigrant in the town so ignorant of our language, but that in every family there was one personal friend ready to bring the best advice in matters of intellect, the best suggestion in matters of education, the best Christian assistance in matters of health, which could be given to the sons and daughters of princes.

Every clergyman who heard him was interested in plans for such absolute care of our fine New England towns. He closed by expressing this hope, that the ministers of the churches in Framingham would find some way of working out such plans for the future.

After singing by the Quartette, the Chairman said : —

Had I the affluence of speech that belonged to Jeremy Taylor, and that command of language of which John Milton was master, I could not adequately express to the next speaker the gratitude we all feel to him for pausing in his laborious and busy life, for leaving those high interests and problems of state which so absorb his attention, and coming to speak to us on this occasion. He has boldly plead the cause of the oppressed in this and every land, and he has written his name in letters of light across our national legislation; of course you know I mean our Senator, the Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, of the Church of the Unity, Worcester.

As Senator Hoar came forward to the platform the audience rose as by a spontaneous impulse and remained standing until he began to speak.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

Mr. Emerson says somewhere that if a friend should ask him to travel a hundred miles, and at the end of the journey should set before him a basket of fine summer fruit, he should think the reward adequate for the trouble.

If I were to travel a hundred miles, and at the journey's end could hear a sermon from Dr. Hale, or Dr. Stebbins, or his brother, your own minister, I should deem myself largely overpaid for my pains. His countrymen will never fully know how much they love and honor Edward Everett Hale till the time shall come — which I hope may be distant — that they lose him.

He has told us the sorrowful story of the man without a country. But how sorrowful will be the condition of the country without the man.

I have no desire, and certainly have no capacity, to preach to this congregation. Indeed, I have a little sense of guilt in leaving my own place on a Sunday. I was brought up strictly, by good old-fashioned Puritan parents. I committed to memory the Ten Commandments and the sum of the Ten Commandments in my youth. But perhaps the strictest of all the commandments, enforced by the severest penalties, was that I should not make a noise in meeting. Now, here I am, in my old age, summoned by your good pastor to violate that strictest commandment of my childhood, and to make a noise, not only in the meeting-house, but in the pulpit.

You are celebrating the foundation of a New England parish. It is one of the simplest, yet one of the most important and interesting organizations known on earth. In the beginning, the town and the parish were identical. Every freeman must be a church member. Religion and public life were near akin. The town called the minister, and the church members conducted the town meeting. Our ancestors, when they settled a new town, set apart a tract of land for a training-field close by the church. The Old Common, as we now call these training-fields, is found at the center of every old town, and it is found here. But, after all, the real training-field was in the meeting-house, indoors. These meeting-houses, with their simple architecture, were the great power-houses from which went forth the spiritual and moral influences which inspired and controlled the whole life of the people.

This form of government, the Parish and the Town, is the simplest and cheapest known among men. And yet it has been almost the most permanent. Our oldest Middlesex towns will be celebrating their three hundredth anniversaries before the hair begins to grow gray on the temples of the youths in this audience.

Since your first settlers cleared these fields and gathered this church here, the map of Europe has been many times changed. Stuart and Orange and Hanover have sat in succession on the throne of Great Britain. England has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, conquered Canada, settled Australia, subjected three hundred million Asiatics to her will, and established her dominion in Africa. France has been twice a Republic, twice an Empire, a Monarchy again, and now, the third time, a Republic. Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Italy, after many throes and convulsions, has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons, and overthrown the temporal power of the Pope. Hapsburgh, Bourbon, Bona-

parte, Savoy, the short-lived Republic, and now, Bourbon again, have successively held dominion in Spain. Germany has built up her mighty empire from sixty petty states. Yet during all this time, the town and parish abide, as your fathers founded them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has, without substantial change, performed perfectly all the chief functions of government, in simple, democratic majesty.

Your wooden meeting-houses could have been built almost for the cost of a single carving in the stately choir of many a church or cathedral in England or on the Continent. But they have taught their congregations quite as well the relation of man to his Creator, and much better his duty to his fellow men and to the State.

The town as a dominant political organization seems to be losing its pre-eminence. Massachusetts is already largely a cluster of cities. In the great towns, the old civic equality and the simple town meeting government are departing. Men are leaving the farms and the fields for the compact centers of population. The ways of the city prevail over the fashion of the countrymen. But the school and the parish, which in their simplicity have, as I just now said, outlasted many thrones and kingdoms, I hope are to remain.

. . . . "what is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

For a century to come, the children shall gather in the schoolhouse, to learn together as equals the lessons of Freedom and of Virtue and of Self-government; and the worship of pure hearts, uttered by free lips shall rise from these Christian altars to the imperishable Heavens.

Does any man doubt that it is desirable to maintain the public worship of God? Is there any man who would abolish the Christian church, whatever may be his own spiritual condition, or whether he may like better for himself to spend Sunday in solitary communion with Nature or

with books? But if these Christian institutions are to abide, the men who believe in them must maintain them. The men who need public and social worship will never, as a rule, seek it unless the men who think they do not need it set the example, and join in it. There is, in my judgment, no more commanding public duty than attendance at church on a Sunday. The greater the man's influence, the more sufficient he may be to himself, the greater and more imperative the duty. I do not believe there ever was a man who attended church constantly through life, or who brought his children to church in their youth, or who was taken by his parents to church in his own youth, who ever regretted it as he looked back.

The effect on the man himself of giving one day in the week, or certainly a large part of one day in the week, to rest from secular labors and cares, if it were only to lay down for one day the burden of the other six, to shut out for one day the anxiety and worry of business or politics, would of itself, in my judgment, repay all its costs. Let there be one place and one hour devoted to quiet, from which the world is shut out, as it is shut out in a long voyage at sea.

“ O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be Thine to-day.

“ Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born,
You shall not dim the light that streams
From this Celestial morn.

“ To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control.
You shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.”

I put this on the ground, not that we are to gather as subjects to honor our King, nor as slaves to abase ourselves before our owner. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. I put it solely on the ground of the advantage, of the necessity, to you and me. I believe we best maintain the country we love and the State of which we are a part, and of whose government we have our share of personal responsibility, by a constant attendance on the public and social worship of God; I believe it to be to the interest of the Country, of the Town and of the individual soul that the habit be not abandoned.

I think if it were to be put upon the ground alone of personal advantage, as a matter of mere intellectual and literary training, your young men will find it clearly for their interest to be constant attendants here.

I know the temptations on a summer's day to get into the country, among fields and forests, and, to use a familiar phrase, to stretch your legs by a walk, or a ride on a bicycle. But whether it be better to do it may possibly depend on the question whether the legs or the soul be the most important part of a man.

I believe that as a matter of literary and intellectual training, to listen to a chapter of the Scriptures, which, besides all else they are, are the best example of English style in all literature, to accustom the spiritual ear to the sublime utterance of Doddridge, to the lofty organ-tone of Watts, to the sweet charm of Wesley, to listen to a discussion of the things that be of the spirit, even from a minister of ordinary capacity, is the best thing that can be done, for at least an hour or two of this day of rest.

But I wish to say to the youth of this growing and populous town, from a pretty large personal knowledge of the matter, that if they desire to acquire the art of good public speaking, or of writing vigorous English, so as to convey their own thoughts in the best and most effective way to the intellects of their fellow citizens; if they would acquire

that capacity desired by every man, and indispensable to every man destined for the bar, or pulpit, or public life, they will do better and get more advantage by attendance upon the sermons of Calvin Stebbins, one of the best pulpit orators in the country, than by a course of instruction at any college.

I do not put it upon the ground of an express Divine command. I do not enter upon a discussion here whether the fourth commandment was of Divine origin, whether it was intended for the Jews only, or whether the injunction to keep holy the seventh day of the week can properly be transferred to the first. I put it solely on the ground of good citizenship, and on the ground that attending church from Sunday to Sunday, and joining with neighbors in the public worship of God, and in the discussions and meditation of the things that be of the spirit, is of incalculable value to the man himself.

I suppose there are very few persons among those who do not go to church themselves who would not regard it as a grievous public calamity if all our churches were closed, and the public worship of God and the preaching of the gospel were discontinued. It would, in my judgment, if that were to happen, be impossible to maintain liberty, self-government, or any form of Republic which depends for its success on the character of its citizenship. That men in general think so is shown by the fact that so many persons contribute to the support of parishes, who seldom or never attend church themselves. When practising law I could see the effect on the citizenship of a town of the long pastorate of a good minister. There are towns, of which your neighboring Northboro', under the pastoral care of Dr. Allen, was an example; of which my native town of Concord, under Dr. Ripley, was an example, which always furnished excellent men for the jury-box, excellent men for the legislature; where the witnesses could be believed; where they had few angry or disgraceful lawsuits. You

could always trace the character and quality of the people to the habit of attending upon the ministrations of a man, not always a man of great genius, but always of pure and lofty character. The public worship of God in this country is to be continued or maintained only by attendance upon it.

I would like to say a word on a kindred subject, now attracting much attention. How far is it right to retain our Sunday laws? What is the true principle on which they are to be defended, if they can be defended? This is a matter which it seems to me is much misunderstood.

I do not believe there is any considerable number of people in Massachusetts who would revive or would maintain any law to compel men to any religious observance. That is for the individual conscience. The State is separated, I hope and believe, forever from the Church. The State can do nothing for the Church, except to secure her rights of property, and to secure her from any interference in the exercise of her legitimate functions. The Church as a corporate body has her rights to her property, as secular corporations have theirs. The right of the people peaceably to assemble, declared in the constitution of Massachusetts, is as sacred, and no more sacred, when they assemble for worship or to take counsel in spiritual affairs, as when they come together for political or social ends. The State must see that neither the Church nor her disciples are molested in worshipping God after their own way.

We have the right to secure decency in dealing with religious matters, as we have a right to secure it — a right not exercised much in this country — in the discussion of other matters. We have a right to punish blasphemy or profaneness which shocks mankind, as we have the right to punish common scolds, or common railers and brawlers. But we cannot undertake to use the State as a religious instrument. The secular power is no longer a weapon for the ecclesiastical. We can constrain no man to religious

opinions, and we can compel no man to any religious observance which his own conscience does not require of him.

There are Sabbatarians who think that the fourth commandment requires a strict observance of the Sabbath as a religious obligation. There are others who think that commandment for the Jews only. There are others who think the commandment is for the seventh day of the week, and that it is without obligation as affecting the first day of the week. We have, within the hospitable doors of our Commonwealth, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Christians, Asiatics and Africans, Pagans and Hindoos, Agnostics and Atheists, all equal before the Law, and equally entitled to act as their consciences shall dictate, or indeed to refuse to act if their consciences so dictate, in religious matters; so they do not interfere with the rights of other men. None of these can use the law as an instrument. So if the law is to prohibit secular business on Sunday, it must be for some other reason than because we claim the right to enact or to re-enforce the law of God.

But we have a right to establish holidays, and to secure them against disturbance. We have the right to limit the hours of labor. And we have the right to secure our dwellings against disturbing noises in the street or on other men's premises. We have the right to secure the quiet of the night. Nobody questions the lawfulness of this exercise of power by the State, and nobody deems it an undue restraint of individual conscience or individual liberty.

Now the Sunday laws must rest on this principle if at all. If in any particular they go beyond it, they are, so far, I think, illogical, and should be amended to conform to it.

Experience has convinced a majority of our people that a rest from labor of one day in seven is not only desirable, but essential for the mental and bodily health of men and women in general. A great many persons think that that day of rest ought to be devoted to a consideration of spiritual interests, of the relation of man to his Creator and the

hopes of a future state, to the religious training of the young and the religious improvement of persons of mature age. The State has the right, I think, to secure this period of rest by law. There is the same right to do it that there is to secure the quiet of the night. Whether the curfew law be wise or unwise, I suppose no man would claim that such a law would be tyranny.

Now, to secure the opportunity for that large proportion of the people who desire to devote one day in seven to rest, to religious study and meditation, or religious instruction of their children, it is not enough to enact that they shall not be disturbed in their houses or their churches. If business be permitted to go on as usual, if the factories and shops may be opened, if teams are to go along the streets, and every kind of secular business may proceed at the will of the individual, it will be impossible for those who want the religious holiday to get it. If Jordan & Marsh keep open on Sunday, every clerk who desires to have his Sunday as a day of rest, must lose his place, and every other dealer must keep his own store open in order to maintain his competition.

The right to prevent this rests on the same right as the laws which prohibit men, women and children in factories from working more than a certain number of hours in the week, and requiring fourteen or sixteen hours of the day to be left free. There are many persons who might be willing to work twelve hours a day or fourteen hours a day, and could do it for considerable periods of time without suffering. But the law prohibits the factory owner from employing the individual operative more than eight or ten hours. This is simply to secure the remainder of the day for rest. Whether it be wise or unwise, no man claims that it is beyond the reasonable power of the State.

Now the law which secures Saturday afternoon to the workman in the factory, may for the same reason secure Sunday to all citizens alike.

I suppose nobody would have deemed it an act of tyranny for the legislative power of the State to require the public to abstain from ordinary secular business on the day of the funeral of Lincoln, or Garfield, or McKinley. This would not be because the State would claim the right to compel men to profess to reverence the dead President, whom they did not reverence, or to pay any hypocritical tribute to his memory. But the right of the citizens in general to pay such a tribute cannot be exercised while secular business is going on, and it is a reasonable use of the authority of the State to require men to desist from ordinary business.

The factory bell and the steam whistle must be silent during the hours of the night. The trade procession or the torchlight procession shall not be allowed to pass my house at midnight. The trip-hammer may properly be compelled to cease its din in the neighboring factory, that my family may sleep. The lot which is vacant next to that whereon I dwell shall not be used by its proprietor for boisterous games at unreasonable hours. The State has the right to compel its citizens, within reasonable limits, to respect the holidays of a majority of its citizens, and it may require a like respect for the holy days. Whether other men consider their observation a religious duty or not, I consider it a religious duty, and also a necessity of my spiritual, moral, and, indeed, of my physical nature.

I do not, therefore, undertake, in advocating moderate and reasonable Sunday laws, to put any restraint upon the conscience of my neighbor, or to compel him to any religious observance which his own conscience does not demand of him. I do not enter into the question of whether the fourth commandment was a divine command at all, whether it was for Jews alone, or whether it relates to the seventh or the first day of the week. I concede that the legislative power in the State has no right to be discussing such questions, or acting upon such reasons. But I think the State may secure for its citizens reasonable periods of rest, and

reasonable opportunity for worship, religious meditation and religious instruction, which, if desired by a large enough body of citizens, may be secure from interruption by the prohibition of secular business.

We get, occasionally, angry, contemptuous or scornful utterances from persons who fancy that those of us who would maintain this great religious holiday for the people are moved by the same spirit from which came religious tyranny and persecution in old times. They, I think, do not comprehend the spirit of the age, or the purpose of the majority of their fellow citizens.

There are a few survivors of the Dark Ages who witness the cheerful procession of mankind going on in freedom and in love, as the giants, Pope and Pagan, saw Bunyon's Pilgrim, as he passed by their caverns on his way to the Palace Beautiful. But, in general, the devout and cheerful spirit of religious liberty has possession to-day of the civilized world. Our atheistic and agnostic friends, who are so disturbed when we ask the people to maintain and observe this holiday, confound, as it is quite natural that men who fasten their gaze on the past should confound, the spirit of religion with the spirit of persecution. We, like them, mean to stand fast in our liberty. We believe it is the liberty wherein Christ made us free. When we consecrate Sunday to rest or to worship, we consecrate it also to Christian liberty.

—After the singing of a hymn by the congregation the Chairman said: The last speaker of the afternoon has spent the best part of his life in California, where he has done a noble work in holding up the standard of a liberal interpretation of the providence of God. He is not unknown to you who frequent this place, but he is without any doubt whatever better known to me than to you. I am very proud of him and shall now ask my brother, the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, to speak to us.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D.D.

I am a stranger here and owe my being here to the fact that the minister of this church is my brother. I am very happy to be here in response to his call. He is a man singularly fitted by historic studies, and what we call the historic sense, to voice this date. Had he given himself to historic studies exclusively he would have taken a high rank among the writers of our time.

I am glad to be here on other grounds. I am glad to be in this company of distinguished men who have been attracted to this occasion by its historic interest, as a date that commemorates the life and progress of American society. Let me not be presumptuous nor assume too much, or give expression to vague adulation, when I yield to the impulse of my mind and heart, to confess my debt of gratitude and praise to the distinguished Senator of Massachusetts, in whom the gifts of genius with which heaven has endowed him are equaled by the purity and dignity of his character. "He who builds up the well-being of his country on justice has all the nations for a cloud of witnesses," and "The linked hemispheres attest his deed"; "He thrills the world with joy, and man becomes a nobler spirit as he learns to gauge his acts and his opinions by a scale commensurate with his nation."

There is another man here whose mind and heart are a climate that ripens all the fruits of truth and love, and is so much greater than all his knowledge, that all we say or can say is, Behold the man!

There is another reason why I am glad to be here. If I mistake not I discern as I look into your genial faces that there are all sorts of you here — Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia and Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia and Egypt. You are attracted here by a great and honorable sentiment, and every man speaks in his own language, yet is understood by all. It is the universality of truth as it is in God, that attracts us, and no ebullition of unfermented wine. Let me hurry on then and speak swiftly to the hour and the occasion.

It is the two hundred years of this Church that we commemorate. Two hundred years are a long period when measured by the standards of the individual life; a flash out of eternity when measured by the standards of history, the eternal *now* of the ever-working never-resting God. This is a brilliant age in which we live, no doubt. I will not recount the conquests of man over nature from the hydraulics of Archimedes, to Darwin's law; I will not run the longitude from gravitation to electricity, nor recite the wondrous works of God in these later days, when time and space are overcome and men think the same thoughts or are moved by the same emotions, at the same moment, throughout all the regions of the earth.

The changes of human thought, the idea and conception that man has of himself and of his relation to God, are not less wonderful, though more subtle than chemic atoms, imprisoned steam, or electric spark. The present thoughts of men as moral and spiritual beings are in as great contrast to the past as the Ptolemaic system is to the Copernican, or as the six miles an hour mail-coach of an hundred years ago, is to the flying train of to-day. .

But are we a little proud of the present, or is there a little tendency to conceit in this brilliant age of power and progress? Let us own our debt to the past, while we glory in the present, and while we live in the present and live on

what we think, let us be grateful for what we remember. We are the product of the past, and let no man speak contemptuously of his grandmother.

Every community in its growth and development is an epitome of the progress of the world. Two hundred years of Framingham. Six generations of men! Go back in imagination and historic sense to those first days of the fathers here! The wilderness, the native Indian, the twang of whose bowstring was the note of death; the stingy soil, the inclement winter, the scanty product of the year that yielded a feeble subsistence; the lonely dwelling that looked out upon an idle scene, the dull monotony of wild nature. Contrast those days with the present, the cultivated fields, the rustling corn, the fragrant fruits, the happy homes, the school, the library and the church; and noble trees that laugh and riot in the summer wind, or exalt their glad beauty to autumn glory! What has brought about this change? No single cause, but by the silent powers of mind and heart. "It comes by home, and the domestic virtues, a mother's tears and joys, a father's wise and tender severity. It comes by sympathy, by love, by marriage, by friendship, by generosity, by every virtue and every example of virtue, by all noble sentiments expressed in manners, refinement in dress and culture of the body, comfortable dwellings and clothing and chaste luxury, by the practices and solemnities of law and religion, by birth and death, by prayer and hymn, and by the santifying influence of the ever proceeding spirit of God!" This is history, as I understand it, the education of the race, the idea of which is one of the most fruitful seeds ever cast upon the furrows of the world.

Ascend now to the fountain of our faith in the southwest corner of Asia, among the hills of Palestine. It is the simplest in its origin and principles of any religion on the earth. It was voiced by Jesus of Nazareth. It did not begin with him, but he voiced it, as on another plan of thought Newton voiced gravitation. Augustine, one of the

great fathers of the church, wrote a tract in which he set forth that Christianity was as old as creation. That is, Christianity is the eternal truth and law of man's moral and spiritual being. It was not invented by Jesus, he voiced it, represented it and became the ideal of humanity. The bottom fact and idea of it is that God is the Father of Mankind, and thus man is blood relation to God. This is the source of all the best thinking and best action of to-day.

Our dates go back but a little way. It is only two thousand years since our religion got its historic expression in Jesus of Nazareth. Yet it has come down to us, not as it was in the mind and heart of Jesus, but modified by the thoughts and habits of thousands of generations, as a mighty river flowing through a continent is colored by the soil of its banks. Christianity has been interpreted by the spirit of the age and time, thus recognizing the progressive education of man. It has come down to us through ages of myth and miracle, and old tradition, and Greek philosophy. And we are just beginning to inquire what is the very pith and quick of our religion, and the age of the spirit, the fulfilment of the Christian centuries as proclaimed by the Calabrian monk, is beginning to dawn. The past is still near us, the days of the week are named for heathen gods, though the gods are all dead. So the past, like a mighty mountain range of thought, still casts its shadows upon us as if to keep back the day, but the sun climbs the heavens above the mountain tops, — it ascends, it ascends, to fill the earth with light! It will tarry, wait for it, it will not tarry!

I said we are the product of the past; yet we are continually outgrowing the past; this is the use that the past is being put to, and by the help of it we are taking new positions of thought and seeing truth at different angles.

Go with me to a little eminence that the human race passed, say, about twenty-five hundred years ago; imagin-

ation is very swift and it will take but little time to get there. A great Roman of the pre-christian times, distinguished for his virtue, was bereaved by the death of his wife, beloved and true. When the days of mourning were past, he celebrated the memory of the noble woman by sending to Africa for two tigers that the brutal strife in the arena might make a holiday for the people. I suppose that the Roman was as near being a Christian according to the light he had, as we are here to-day according to the light we have.

Come down from that eminence eight hundred years, to about seventeen hundred years ago, when the first council was held to determine what was true about Christianity, and what men must believe to be saved. It was at Nicaea, the rundown little dilapidated town of Isnik, about fourteen miles east of Constantinople. Priests, bishops, princes and people went to the great conclave. Hosisus with his retinue from Spain went up in his own chariot, attended by wonders on the way. Athanasius and Arius went up from Africa. Constantine in his royal robes was there looking on to see how the matter would turn out, and make up his opinion whether or not it would be a political thing for him to be a Christian.

On the way from Africa there were some singular incidents happened to the pack train. We laugh at the huge credulity and superstition, but the thoughtful and reverent mind is touched and inspired by the sublime conception that our religion has kept its course through such conditions of the human mind, flowing down through history refreshing and purifying the world. The education of the Race! "When Israel was a child I loved him. I led him by the hand, and folded him in my arms, and out of Egypt I called my son."

The creed made at that convention has come down to us with the great name of Athanasius. Its awful anathemas upon the human race won the philosophic ground work of

that memorable sermon preached by Jonathan Edwards fifty miles from here, about forty years after the founding of this church. His hearers were so moved by it that they seized the railing of the pews to save themselves from falling into the bottomless pit.

Within the last fifty years a dispensation has been made allowing Christians not to agree to that creed of the ages, or even read it. So long it takes to move the thought of the Church to a new position.

Go swiftly now from Isnik, in Turkey, to Geneva, in Switzerland. Calvin is the great figure and genius there. His terrible logic was an arch of five stones on which was based the throne of God. If one stone was loosed, the fabric fell. He was a man without imagination, music, poetry or laughter. He could ride all day in the valley of the Rhine, and not see a thing of beauty or power, though the scene bloomed on every hand, and before him were the Alps. So absorbed was he in grief at the fate of mankind, and so intent on his duty to bring unbelievers to punishment. It was the business of that age to punish heretics. But Calvin established Congregationalism in the church at Geneva, the seed of Republicanism that was destined to proclaim the year of jubilee throughout the earth.

Thus do I read the past into the present, and see the truth adapted to man's want and his ability to receive. In a world-view there is no such thing as an unmixed good or an unmixed evil, no such thing as an entirely false religion. But all progress of religious thought or action is in eliminating the true from the false of ignorance, prejudice and superstition. The most interesting inquiry is, What is Christianity? And the best opinion is that it is not essentially the beliefs that men have written, but in a quality of mind that has never been fully defined and never will be, and can be only displayed in being and action. When true nobleness appears anywhere on earth we say and feel that the Godly and the Manly are the same, and that human

nature and God's nature are kindred, as father and child. God in man is the truth of the spiritual and moral world, the life and the hope of mankind.

Under the increasing light of reason, and the courage and trust of the heart, superstition and bigotry are dissolved as darkness by the light of day, and love in the human heart reveals the secret of the heart of God. That cluster of opinions, sometimes called "the scheme of redemption," is passing below the horizon; and as the mother weeps and sways to and fro like a willow, and kisses the dead face of her wayward son, hoping and confiding that God will never give him up, she gives a divine suggestion of the righteous retributions, the tender mercies of the Infinite Father that will never abandon his child.

This is no systematized belief that is necessary to Christian faith and practice. Our creed is Our Father in Heaven. And our salutation to the Church unvoiced of the human race is, Arise and shine for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. And trusting in the living God for what is, we submit to his disposal in the final hour.

"Here lie I, David Elginbrod,
O Lord God, whose mercies are so great,
Do by me as I'd do by ye,
If I was Lord God and ye were David Elginbrod".







